



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the New-Yorker.

The Delaware's Revenge.

—'Tell me no more, no more
Of the soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its haunting thirst for happiness?
Have I not loved, and striven, and failed to bind
One true heart unto me?—MRS. HEMANS.

'Oh, deep is a wounded heart, and strong
A voice that cries against mighty wrong!
And full of death as a hot wind's blight,
Doth the ire of a crushed affection light.'

THE Indian nature is now pretty thoroughly analyzed. Cooper has made every body familiar with its peculiarities;—and even if he had not, we of the western land have enjoyed abundant opportunities of investigating it for ourselves. We all know that the Indian predominates in our hearts when the kneeling offender is obliged to ask twice for forgiveness. And our children know that they are traveling 'Indian file,' when they march, one after another in their unwilling peregrinations to school. For some wise purpose, which it becomes not us to inquire into, Providence has designed the Indian, as the African, for a distinct and separate existence. Their assimilation to Europeans, either in manners or disposition, can never be effected to a great degree. We may as easily change their complexions as their natures. This fact various occurrences have established beyond the possibility of refutation.

A friend of mine, residing in Buffalo, once informed me that three or four of the wealthy border chiefs sent their daughters to a boarding school in that city—sent them when very young, and left them under the entire control of the worthy principal, with orders to instruct and 'accomplish' them in all things after the manner of the 'pale faces.' The enlightened preceptress did her best, and her wayward pupils were under the absolute necessity of making some proficiency, though evidently against their inclinations; but, with all her precaution, persuasion, and reproof, the wild-wood peculiarities *would* make themselves apparent in a variety of ways; and these young ladies,

who became at length well skilled in music, drawing, &c. and perfect adepts in the mysteries of the toilet, could not, while walking the streets, be prevented from trailing along, one by one, after the fashion of their forefathers.

A little farther, and I have done with instances of this kind. An infatuated young lady in one of the Eastern States, whose father had blindly encouraged a school for the education of Indians, became seriously attached to one of those handsome sons of the forest, after he had become apparently well educated and refined, and finally eloped with him to his native wilds. A letter received from her a few months afterwards announced to her afflicted parents a total relapse of her civilized husband into his former habits. Indeed, so far had he forgotten the customs of a better land, that he degraded himself as also his poor wife to the barbarous fashion of lodging on the naked ground of their wigwam with their feet to the fire.

These instances, 'tis true illustrate more properly traits of external character; but if education fails to eradicate these, what can it do with those darker propensities implanted and fostered as it were in the very depths of the soul, some of which are so deadly and carried to such fearful extent that they seem almost to imply demoniac agency? REVENGE, the darling virtue of an Indian, suggested to him by nature, fostered in the recesses of his heart by tradition and example, the exciting prompter of all his warlike deeds, and frequently the sole object of his life—what will he not encounter to obtain it? Danger, fatigue, and even death, are but as straws in his path—his course is onward, and the comforts and destiny of self are seldom taken into the account so long as there is the slightest hope of inflicting misery upon the object of his resentment. A story was related to me the other day which, in my opinion, strongly illustrates this fact; and, if the reader feels half the interest in the perusal that I did in the relation, I shall be amply paid for the trouble of committing it to paper.

Many of the Indians who resided some

years ago on the banks of the Susquehannah came from the river Delaware; hence they were called Delawares. They were quiet and peaceable until the descent of Brandt upon the lower settlements, when every one who could draw a bow was obliged to accompany him. Thus all their little towns were left defenceless; and the Wyoming farmers who were driven unceremoniously from their homes, acting upon the principle of self preservation, and perhaps slightly under the influence of a retaliating spirit, thought no harm in appropriating to themselves the few conveniences which said villages afforded, even to the exclusion of frightened female occupants,—who needed little persuasion to induce immediate departure.

In one of these villages was found a dwelling entirely superior to the rest. It was a small, snugly built log house, with two apartments, each containing a quantity of furs, deer-skins and horns, all arranged in the most perfect order. It was undoubtedly the wigwam of a chief. So said Anthony Williams, as he drew his wife through the door to the inner apartment; 'Tis undoubtedly the dwelling of a chief, that was—for very few of those poor creatures will get back to prove their property. War is a bad game and has little respect to persons, as this bruised arm can bear witness. But what have we here, Lucy?' and the young farmer stepped to the farther corner of the room, and raised carefully the corner of a glistening fawn skin. A loud scream was the consequence,—and the young couple beheld with surprise and admiration the half clad form of a little Indian girl of perhaps two years of age and apparently just roused from a sound sleep.

'What eyes!' exclaimed Mrs. Williams as her husband raised the terrified little creature in his arms—'What beautiful eyes! Oh, how could her mother thus forsake her?'

The infant gazed tearfully at the speaker for a moment, and then stretched out her little hands in affectionate confidence.

'Mine, mine!' cried his wife, pressing the dark form fondly to her bosom. 'She shall

be our own child, Anthony; see, she loves us already! we will be her parents.'

'If none other claim her was the considerate reply;' and they left the place to inform their friends of the singular result of their adventure.

The next Sabbath the little stranger was formally adopted and christened Martha, by Anthony and Lucy Williams. Mrs. Williams had no children, and the little Delaware promised soon to become the idol of her heart. This may seem strange to those who consider the misfortune of color or helplessness an excuse for degrading to the menial servitude of a human being an image of Divinity. But the lady of whom we speak entertained very different opinions. Her heart was warm as the skies of June,—and, with a fancy more tinged with romance than prejudice, the circumstance of the Delaware child's discovery and the dependence thereon attendant laid claim to all her sympathies; and she would have scorned, as the vilest treason to her nature, the slightest desire to take an ungenerous advantage of her situation. No; she was her own beloved child—as such she should be—as such she was treated—many of her officious friends to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Indian village soon became a village of very different character—handsome, lively and business-like—a description which will answer for many more at the present day on the same river. It contained churches and academies, and was surrounded by the most romantic scenery in the world. It might almost be said that Anthony Williams was the founder of said village—for his family from its numbers being the least expensive of any in the place and himself acquiring with maturer years a capacity for speculation, he managed to outstrip his humble neighbors, and soon became very wealthy and of course popular. He was a true friend to the public, and was ever the first to propose and lend a helping hand in the execution of public improvements. His wife and adopted daughter of course came in for a share of his influence; and though it would be an unfaithful delineation of poor human nature to say that no envy rankled in the bosoms of many young misses at the evident superiority both in mind and in person, of the dark haired Delaware, still we are gratified in recording that their ungentle thoughts for some reason or other—perhaps conscience—were seldom known to burst forth in more than half-suppressed murmurs. Mr. Williams gave his favorite (for their young charge was with him also a favorite—he making it a point as all good husbands should, to love whatever his wife considered lovable,) every possible opportunity for education and polite accomplishments; but the worthy couple beheld with grief and astonishment that a desire to

please them and displease her rivals were her only incentives to perseverance in study. She *would* excel, and for these reasons, but her heart was not in it. A book, except in competition, was her utter detestation;—and she would on the darkest night forsake her guitar to wander by the rushing waters and to listen to the hoarse and howling winds. Often on these occasions did her anxious guardians whisper to each other the words of the Indian philosopher, who with all the advantages of books, superior wisdom, and the refinements of civilization still turned with tears of regret to 'his blanket tied with yellow strings.'

Mrs. Williams could overlook, however, these national peculiarities—for was not Martha the most affectionate child that ever the eye of doting mother beheld? The tenderest nurse—the fondest and most confiding friend? Nor did the good lady in these eulogiums at all overrate the qualities of the Delaware. Her gratitude and love knew no bounds. She was at all seasons attentive to the minutest sense of duty; and in the last fatal illness of Mrs. W. she left not her bedside day nor night;—and when the last lamp of life at length went out and the beaming eye was closed for ever, her head fell heavily upon the bosom of her benefactress, and many were the doubts entertained of her recovery.

Martha Williams was not 'just sixteen'—the only time when, if we can credit the popular writers of the day, a young lady is liable either to love or be loved—nor was she 'just seventeen'—the season when so many rose-buds are transferred to canvass and copperplate—but she was exactly somewhere between eighteen and twenty, when Carrington Lee, a young English artist of some eminence, took up his residence at her father's.

Anthony Williams was a lonely man after the death of his wife—and, being pleased with the talent and vivacity of Mr. Lee, he had begged as a favor that he would make his house his home during his stay in the country; which invitation the young artist for various reasons was glad to accept. Martha was still in mourning when their guest first made his appearance at table. She had very seldom of late noticed strangers or even friends, but there was that in the appearance of the artist which drew her almost immediate attention; and before they had many times met and parted, she found herself singularly interested in him. Carrington Lee was in truth a most strangely fascinating being—as may be said of many of the meteor-like geniuses of his fraternity. He had left the palace halls of his fathers, with all their elegant comforts, for the sole purpose of sketching the woods, waters, and women of the Western World—had left many broken

hearts behind, and was again exulting in the wicked witchery of his trifling mind at the inroads he was not slow to perceive himself making upon the affections of the unsophisticated Indian maiden.

Little did the poor girl suspect the penetrating powers of her now almost constant companion. She knew not that the eye of a skilful artist detects as easily a cloud upon the mind as upon the sky.—Indeed, she was hardly herself aware that she loved; she was merely certain that Mr. Lee possessed a graceful loftiness of carriage, a touching gentleness of voice and eloquent expression of countenance, which she had never observed in any other; and she felt happier while listening to his stories of the world beyond the great waters, or watching the careless curvings of his fishing line during their excursions in the woods, than she had ever felt before. Yet had she never appeared to so little advantage before any one as before Carrington Lee. The timidity of a deep idolatrous love chained down her hitherto bounding spirit, and the remembrance of her lowly origin—so considered by the world, and a fear that it might so be considered by him—tended apparently to quench in rustic bashfulness the light of a soul whose beams were destined to dazzle or destroy. The young artist admired her, notwithstanding—yea, he believed he loved as much as his vain and fickle nature was capable of loving any person; nor was he long in acquainting her with his sentiments, and was far more pleased than surprised at her confession of a similar partiality.—Yet how dissimilar was their love!—his the wild and threatening flame which illumines the passing cloud—hers the soft and settled light which beams forth from the fountain of purity, and fadeth not till the bitter waters of the world have corrupted its sources.

It was in an evening walk that Carrington Lee alluded more particularly to the feelings of tenderness which he said he had long cherished. He spoke of his beautiful home in England—his kind mother and affectionate sisters—and his deep anxiety to see them. He talked eloquently of the happiness he had enjoyed beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Williams—happiness which could never be surpassed—he feared never equaled. He reverted with a trembling voice to the hour of parting—an hour which for the sake of his future peace had best be soon—and when he saw the agitated girl ready to sink to the earth with conflicting emotions, when he saw her cheek blanch and her eyes dim with the heart-dews of agony, he ventured to whisper, ink-like, in the temerity of an idle hope, of flight—flight from her own home to a summer one in England. Not sooner does the lightning look in the black vapors of the sky, than

did the mind of the Delaware penetrate his hidden purpose. The mantle of second sight seemed to have descended to her. She threaded with an eagle eye the hypocritical maze—she beheld on his flushed cheek and quailing brow the dark symbols of the betrayer—and the iron which crushes to powder the awakened heart had entered her very soul. She spoke not—a slight and convulsive wave of the hand and she departed, leaving the disconcerted painter to contemplate at leisure this unforeseen frustration of his plans.

No sleep visited on that night the eyes of the proud daughter of the Delawares. All the long hours did she sit by the open window of her chamber, as silent as the pale stars that beheld her. She moved not, spoke not, but continued gazing upon the moon as intensely as if the destiny of nations depended upon the faithfulness of the vigil. Day dawned; the yellow sunlight fell softly upon the casement; the maiden bowed her head and whispered in a low and troubled voice, as if in reply to the pleadings of one unseen:—‘Mother, ask me no more—he has written death upon my hopes—shall he go unpunished! Mother, ask me no more!’—and she arose and looked out upon the rosy clouds, as they floated in delicate beauty above the unruffled waters. ‘Beautiful, most beautiful!’ she murmured, ‘beautiful to others’ eyes, but never again to mine! The mirror of my soul is defaced—it will reflect the cloud and the sunshine no more. Night is on its surface. Thou Carrington Lee art the spoiler!—I bowed down my spirit to thee with an idolatrous worship, and thou hast requited me with the blackest treachery. Can I forgive thee? Never! thy doom is sealed! Thou shalt love as man hath seldom loved—thou shalt mourn as man hath never mourned—even without hope! *Revenge unto death!*’

It was with a faltering step that the young painter, on the following morning sought the breakfast-room. His affection for that injured girl had in a measure been tested—it was far stronger than he had imagined: and though he pursued every argument that could possibly induce a belief of indifference towards her, except as the daughter of a degraded race, still every trial made but deeper the impression of her loveliness. The bitter frown which his dark words had planted on her brow, haunted him through the night; and, for the first time in his life remorse and apprehension deprived him of sleep. What then was his joy on hearing himself saluted in the usual sweet and friendly voice—on seeing her dark eye flash with its accustomed pleasure at his approach? ‘She is but a woman after all!’ said he to himself—‘and as I am Carrington Lee, it would be nonsense to suppose serious offence possible.’

And he could not avoid curling his lip with a slight expression of pride and even contempt at the flattering thought. It escaped not the eye of the Delaware, every sense was awake to the detection of prejudicial symptoms, every faculty absorbed in the means of accomplishing the one stern purpose of her soul. Her path of perseverance was marked out.

Time passed on. She studied the tastes and preferences of her lover. Books, which had hitherto been her abhorrence, became her almost constant though secret companions. The ‘Midnight lamp’ streamed over the glowing numbers of Homer and Tasso, and page after page from these and various other authors was committed to the store-house of memory for future use. She knew that Carrington Lee loved these things—that they were to him pearls of great price—and that he considered the mind a blank without them; but she knew that he loved still better the poetry of his profession, and she became soon a clandestine Mistress of the art. And now was she on a footing with the proud Englishman; his equal; nay his superior. Her timidity was gone, and she appeared in her own natural character, lofty and beautiful; received each day additional interest from the improvement of soul flashing intellect, and the excitement attendant upon the exercise of the one strong ruling passion.

I have not described the person of the Delaware—indeed she was a being who barely came within the scope of description. She might have possessed the form and complexion of Cora Munro; but the expression of her face was such as may be dreamed of, but never told—high, heavenly, indescribable. ‘And is this the being,’ asked Carrington Lee of himself one evening, after listening to the wild melody of her voice till his very senses were bewildered, ‘is this the being to whom I once proposed elopement? As soon now would I make such a proposition to the Queen of England. But she must have forgotten the circumstance. She loves me; yes, assurance worth worlds, worth every thing, life itself, *she loves me*. But for this, earth wore a blank, with it, ‘tis all, ‘tis heaven!’ He spoke sincerely, the Delaware had not misjudged her power. He did love, as man hath seldom loved, devotedly, madly. His heart owned no thought in which she was not the first object. Home and friends were forgotten, every thing was forgotten, save the bright Peri of his delusive Paradise.

Mr. W. gave his cordial consent to the union of his adopted child with the young Englishman and, the evening had arrived in which Martha had promised to fix the important day. The lovers appointed to meet on

the bank of the river, at a short distance from the mansion, there to make the final nuptial arrangements.

‘I will be there before him,’ whispered the Delaware, at the same time throwing on her work table a large packet directed to ‘Anthony Williams, esq.’—‘I will be there before him, for I must have one hour’s uninterrupted solitude;’ and she drew her white shawl close around her and hastened to the spot. It was early spring, and the melting snow and rains had raised the river to so unusual a height that the rocky and precipitous banks seem hardly sufficient to restrain the madly swelling flood. Martha continued her course until she reached the center of a high promontory, whose black points projected far above the roaring waters. The extensive prospect enjoyed from this height rendered it a favorite resort to the lovers; and the Delaware seated herself on one of the loose fragments of rock, apparently exhausted with the difficulty of attaining it.

Dark as had the tempter rendered the understanding of this infatuated girl, there were moments when the sunlight of her woman’s heart—yea, when even the bright glimmerings of Christianity shone down on her benighted spirit, and almost unseated the demon to whose scepter every thought had learned to bow. There were moments when the deep love of the artist awakened an answering tenderness in her heart, and made her regret her fearful determination. There were moments when the first impressions of childhood were shadowed beautifully forth on the dial plate of memory; when the voice of her sainted mother whispered the sweet law of forgiveness in her ear, and her resolution would waver. But the midnight specter of Revenge would not forsake her, his dark form closed upon the avenue of virtue, and hurried her down the dreadful precipice. She was agitated by these conflicting feelings on the eventful evening. She looked down into the steep and muddy waters, and drew back with a slight shudder at the prospect. She looked upon the form of her lover, pale and lifeless at the dread sacrifice, and she felt that he was dearer to her than ever. Again did her ear catch the tender pleadings of maternal love, and she involuntarily stretched forth her hands for protection. But another figure arose to her imagination, stern, and ruthless, with one hand pointing to the miserable remnants of this tribe, the other down the steep promontory. ‘Daughter! said he in a hollow voice; daughter! wert thou born in the cabin of a pale face? Our wrongs thou canst not revenge, but will thou forget thine own?’ ‘Never!’ ejaculated she, springing upon a high and jutting crag, ‘never!’ and the woods of the opposite mountain re-echoed the fatal word.

'Martha, dearest Martha!' stammered a scarce audible voice from beneath;—'come down or I shall faint! Oh, to see you in such a perilous spot! Martha! Martha!'

The maiden descended the difficult path and in a moment was at the side of her betrothed. He eagerly caught her hand, while an ashy paleness still lingered on his cheek.

'I would not for worlds,' said he 'suffer what I have within the last moment. Oh, to think such a thing possible! and who were you calling to? Surely you will never go there again.'

'You love me then?' whispered the Delaware quickly, evading his question.

'Love you, Martha! No! *Love* expresses the faint likes and friendships of others: but it tells little of my feelings; it expresses but slightly the deep devotedness, the—Oh most beautiful of beings! must we, can we ever be separated?'

The Delaware turned away her face, for her proud lip quivered, and a shadow was on her brow: but it passed away, and she replied kindly but calmly:

'Yes, dear friend, we undoubtedly can and must be separated. I will believe, however, that you love me, as you have said; it is of all things that which I most wish to be true. But you must promise me one thing:'

'Any thing! every thing!'

'Nay, not so lightly: it is a solemn promise, and must be solemnly kept. Promise me, swear to me, that you will never commit suicide.'

The young artist could hardly suppress a smile at so singular a requisition: but he saw she was serious, and he pledged his true word in all solemnity.

'Yes, enough,' murmured the Delaware, 'enough. Wait here one moment, and you shall know all.'

She stepped aside and ere her wondering companion suspected her design, had reached the very height whence he had lately called her. The moon shone out brightly, the winds were still, and even the tumultuous waves hushed their ungentle voices, as the shadow of the beautiful apparition fell placidly upon their surface.

'Carrington Lee!' exclaimed she in a low subdued voice, at the same time placing her foot upon the farthest point of stone, and folding her hands carefully upon her bosom: 'Carrington Lee! the fiat has gone forth! we can and must part! Rememberest thou, oh faithless Englishman! the icy words which crushed the fondest affection that ever animated the breast of woman? Rememberest thou? Then remember thine oath! Live, as I have lived, with the canker worm of disappointment reveling at thy vitals: with the gleam of a sunset hope alone linger-

ing 'mid the blighted flowers of memory! Remember the Delaware! Remember thy oath! LIVE ON!'

There was the waving of a white robe: a wild rush of the waves, a convulsive hand thrown out upon the billows, and darkness overshadowed them! It also overshadowed the intellect of the English artist. He awoke only to the recollection of the insult, the revenge, the dreadful oath, and the sinking form. He is an old man now: his hut is situated near the fatal rock, and its walls are covered with portraits of the unfortunate being whose image alone survives the wreck of an erring and fearful, yet still gifted and noble mind.

J. H. K.

The Residuary Legatee.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ABOVE half a century ago—for to such a date does my little story refer—Red Lion Square was accounted a genteel, if not a fashionable place of residence, and numbered amongst its inhabitants some of the principal London attorneys—solicitor was not the phrase in those days—to whom its vicinity to the inns of court rendered that neighborhood particularly convenient. Amongst the most respectable of these respectable persons was Mr. Mordaunt, a widower with five children, whose mingled strength and kindliness of character rendered him the very man to educate and bring out his motherless family; just as the union of acuteness and integrity, for which he was distinguished in his professional life, had placed him deservedly at the head of one of the most flourishing firms in the metropolis. He was not rich, for he had begun the world with nothing but industry and talent, had married a lady in the same predicament with himself, and had preferred giving his children the inalienable possession of an excellent education to the accumulation of money for their immediate portions; but, in the prime of life, with an excellent income and still brighter prospects, he lived as became a man of liberal habits and elegant tastes; and generous, both from temper and principle, refused no indulgence to his family, except such as appeared to him inconsistent with their station, or with that wise and liberal economy which is as essential, perhaps even more so, to the affluent as to the poor.

The young people were all of high promise. The eldest, Charles, a youth of extraordinary ability, bringing up to the bar, was on the point of leaving Oxford, where he had distinguished himself greatly, and had recently been entered at the Temple. George, the second son, was in his father's office: and of the three daughters, Catharine, the elder, a girl of eighteen, was eminently pretty; Sarah,

two years younger, and less handsome, had something of her brother Charles's talent; and little Barbara, the pet and plaything of the whole house, was that charming creature—a lively and good-humored spoiled child.

One evening, in the beginning of July, this amiable family were assembled in their pretty drawing-room, fresh hung with India paper, where gorgeous birds were perched amongst gorgeous flowers, and Chinese processions, gorgeous and immovable as the birds, stuck amidst gay pagodas and gilded temples—a bright but unmeaning pageant. The furniture consisted of French chairs and settees covered with blue damask, at once handsome and comfortable, with window-curtains to match; a japan cabinet; a mahogany bureau, of which the top formed a small bookcase with glass doors; a harpsichord—for pianos were not yet in use; two large looking-glasses between the windows, and marble tables with gilt legs, underneath them; a Pembroke table in the middle of the room, and a large fire-screen, with a stupendous bunch of flowers in embroidery, the elaborate work of the fair Catharine, in one corner.

Mr. Mordaunt was writing a letter at one table; his eldest daughter working, or, to use her brother's phrase, flourishing her apron at another; the young men were lounging at the windows; and Bab (for the dignity of that aristocratic name, so often seen in the peerage, and so seldom, elsewhere, was in this young lady's case sadly pretermitted—the very house maid who dressed her called her Miss Bab) was playing with her doll on the floor.

Sarah's employment was different from the rest. She was standing at the harpsichord, busied in arranging in China vases, a quantity of flowers with which it was strewed, and which had just arrived from a small country house, which Mr. Mordaunt called his farm, on Enfield Chase. With intuitive taste Sarah had put the honeysuckles, so pretty by themselves and which mix so ill with gayer flowers, in a large jar on the center of the mantle-piece, flanking it with a smaller pot filled with white Provence roses—so elegant and delicate amongst their own green leaves—on one side, and one of that rose called the maiden's blush on the other; whilst the rest of the old-fashioned beau-pot, pinks, lilies, larkspurs, sweet-williams, and sweet peas, she gathered together in a large China bowl, and deposited on the harpsichord between a pile of music-books and a guitar-case.

'How I wish these flowers had arrived before poor Mrs. Sullivan, went away!' exclaimed Sarah, after standing before them for some minutes to survey and admire her own handywork. 'She seemed so out of spirits—poor woman!—and some of these beautiful

flowers would have comforted her and done her good; at least,' added she, seeing her elder brother smile and shake his head, 'I am sure they would always have cheered me, let me be as melancholy as I might; and she is as fond of them as I am, and was always used to them in her father's fine garden.'

'Kindness must always do good under any form, my dear Sarah,' observed her father, looking up from his letter; 'but I fear that poor Mrs. Sullivan's depression is too deeply seated to be touched by your pretty remedy, and that any thing which reminds her of her father's house is more likely to increase than to remove her dejection.'

'Mr. Darrell, then, continues implacable?' inquired Charles, with much interest.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Mordaunt, 'and I fear will remain so. I am writing to him now in his daughter's behalf, but I have no hope from the result. He sent for my partner yesterday to make his will, evidently to avoid my importunity in favor of these poor Sullivans. Her elopement was a most foolish act—a wrong, a foolish act; but ten years of penitence and suffering might have softened my old friend towards his only child, and one who, spoiled by his indulgence and her own position in society—a beauty and an heiress—can so ill support the penury and neglect under which she now languishes.'

'Was she beautiful?' asked Catharine: I see no remains of former loveliness.'

'She is much changed,' answered Charles; 'but even I can remember her a most splendid woman. She had the presence and air of a queen, or rather of a young lady's notion of a queen. Fancy a stately and magnificent creature, with high features; a dark, clear, colorless complexion; a proud, curling lip; large black eyes—sometimes soft and languishing, but which could light up with a fire as bright as the glow of a furnace; a broad, smooth forehead; a dark, flexible brow; and a smile exquisitely sweet, and you will have some idea of Sophia Darrell before her imprudent and unfortunate marriage. Poverty and her father's displeasure have wrought this change, and perhaps her husband's death.'

'Chiefly want of money,' observed Mr. Mordaunt, sealing and directing his letter. 'She has pretty well got over the loss of Captain Sullivan. Want of money is the pressing evil.'

'I wish I were as rich as Mr. Darrell?' cried Sarah; and then she blushed and stopped, adding, in a hesitating voice 'what a pity it is that good wishes can do no real good!'

'Except to the wisher, Sarah,' replied her father: 'the slightest emotion of disinterested kindness that passes through the mind improves and refreshes that mind, producing

generous thought and noble feeling, as the sun and rain foster your favorite flowers. Cherish kind wishes, my children; for a time may come when you may be enabled to put them in practise. In the meantime,' added he, in a gayer tone, 'tell me, if you were all very rich, what you would wish for yourselves—for your own gratification, ladies and gentlemen?'

'Oh, papa,' exclaimed Sarah, 'a great library!'

'And I,' said Miss Bab, from the floor, 'I'd have a great doll.'

'I'd go to Italy,' said Charles.

'I to Oxford,' said his brother.

'And I to Ranelagh,' said Catharine, laughing. 'In the meantime,' added she, as the footman—it being now six o'clock, for they had dined at the usual hour of three—brought in the tea equipage, followed by the silver kettle and lamp:—'in the meantime, we may as well go to tea, and afterwards take a walk in Gray's Inn Garden as we meant to do, for the evening is beautiful, and my new hat is just come home.'

About two months after, the same party, with the exception of Mr. Mordaunt, were assembled at nearly the same hour in a very different scene. They were then passing the long vacation at the farm, and, it being Bab's birthday, had adjourned to the root-house, a pretty rustic building at the end of the garden, to partake of fruit, and cakes, and a syllabub from the cow, which the enchanted little girl had been permitted to compound herself, under the direction and superintendence of the housekeeper. It was a scene beautiful in itself, and full of youthful enjoyment. The somewhat sombre root-house, with its Gothic painted windows, its projecting thatch, supported by rough pillars clothed with ivy, clematis, passion-flowers, and the virgin-in-the-bower, looked out on a garden, gay with hollyhocks, balsams, Chinaasters, African marigolds, the rich scarlet geranium, and the sweet marvel of Peru. The evening sun gleamed brightly around, shining on the old farm-house, whose basement windows peeped through a clustering vine, on a small piece of water at the end of the garden, and the green common and forest beyond, with an effect of light and shadow, just, as Sarah observed, 'like a real picture;' and the figures scattered about would have pleased a painter's eye almost as well as the landscape in which they were placed.

Catharine, radiant with innocent gayety, blooming as Hebe, and airy as a sylph, stood catching, in a wicker basket, the large bunches of grapes which her younger brother, with one foot on a ladder, and one on the steep roof of the house, threw down to her and Charles, who was at once steadying the ladder and directing the steps of the adventurous

gatherer. Little Bab, the heroine of the day, was marching in great state down a broad gravel walk, leading from the house to the root-house, preceding a procession consisting of John, the footman, with a tray of jingling glasses—the housekeeper, bearing the famous syllabub, her own syllabub—and the housemaid, well laden with fruit and cakes. Sarah, faithful to her flowers, was collecting an autumn nosegay—cloves, jessamine, blossomed myrtle, mignonette, and the late musk-rose—partly as an offering to Miss Barbara—partly for her father, whose return from town, whither he had been summoned on business, was anxiously expected by them all.

Just as the young people were collected together in the root-house, Mr. Mordaunt arrived. He was in deep mourning, and although receiving with kindness Sarah's offering of flowers, and Bab's bustling presentation of a glass of syllabub, which the little lady of the day insisted on filling herself, was evidently serious, preoccupied, almost agitated. He sat down without speaking, throwing his hat upon the table and pushing away Catharine's guitar, which had been brought thither purposely to amuse him. He had even forgotten that it was poor Bab's birthday, until reminded of it by the child herself, who clambered upon his knees, put her arms round his neck, and demanded clamorously that her dear papa should kiss her and wish her joy. He then kissed her tenderly, uttered a fervent benediction on her, and on all his children, and relapsed into his former silence and abstraction.

At length he said, 'My sadness saddens you, my dear boys and girls, but I am just come from a very solemn scene, Mr. Darrell's funeral.'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed Charles, with much emotion: 'I did not even know that he was dead.'

'Nor I, until I reached London yesterday,' returned Mr. Mordaunt.

'Poor Mrs. Sullivan,' cried Sarah: 'did her father forgive her before he died?'

'He sent her his forgiveness on his death-bed—an unspeakable comfort!—but still his angry will remains unrevoked. She and her children are starving, whilst his immense fortune descends to one unconnected with him by blood or alliance, or any tie save that of an old friendship. After a few trifling legacies to friends and servants, I am left residuary legatee. The property is large, my children; larger, perhaps, than with your moderate views and limited expectations you can readily apprehend. You may be rich, even beyond the utmost grasp of your wishes, and Catharine may revel in innocent amusement, and Charles in tasteful travel; college with all its advantages is open to his brother;

Sarah may have endless books, and Barbara countless dolls; luxury, splendor, gayety, and ambition, are before ye—the trappings of grandeur or the delights of lettered ease; ye may be rich, my children, beyond the dreams of avarice—or ye may resign these riches to the natural heir, and return to peaceful competence and honorable exertion, reaping no other fruit from this unsought for legacy than a spotless reputation and a clear conscience. Choose, and choose freely. My little Sarah has, I think, already chosen. When some weeks ago, she wished to be as rich as Mr. Darrell, I read her countenance ill, if the motive of that wish were not to enrich Mrs. Sullivan. Choose, my dear children, and choose freely.'

'Oh, my dear father, we have chosen! Could you think that we should hesitate? I answer for my brothers and sisters, as for myself. How could *your* children waver between wealth and honor?' And Charles, as he said this threw himself into his father's arms, the other young people clinging round them—even little Bab exclaiming, 'Oh, dear papa, the money must be *all* for Mrs. Sullivan!'

The relator of this true anecdote had the gratification of hearing it from one of the actors in the scene—the Sarah of her little story, who is now in a green old age, the delight of her friends, and the admiration of her acquaintances. Her readers will probably be as glad to hear as she was, that the family, thus honorably, self-deprived of enormous riches, has been eminently happy and prosperous in all its branches—that the firm distinguished by the virtues of its founder still continues one of the first in London—and that a grandson of Mr. Mordaunt's, no less remarkable for talent and integrity than his progenitor, is at the present time a partner in the house.

MISCELLANY.

A Funeral at Sea.

The following touching description of a funeral at sea, is an extract from a volume recently published by Leavitt, Lord & Co. New-York, entitled 'Ship and Shore; or Leaves from the Journal of a cruise to the Levant, by an officer of the United States Navy.'

DEATH is a fearful thing, come in what form it may—fearful when the vital cords are so gradually relaxed, that life passes away softly as music from the slumbering harp string—fearful when in his own quiet chamber, the departing one is surrounded by those who sweetly follow him with their prayers, when the assiduities of friendship and affection can go no further, and who discourse of heaven and future blessedness, till the closing ear can no longer catch the tones of the long familiar voice, and who, lingering near, still

feel for the hushed pulse, and then trace in the placid slumber, which pervades each feature, a quiet emblem of the spirit's serene repose. What then must this dread event be to one, who meets it comparatively alone, far away from the hearth of his home, upon a troubled sea, between the narrow decks of a restless ship, and at that dread hour of night when even the sympathies of the world seem suspended. Such has been the end of many who traverse the ocean, and such was the hurried end of him whose remains we have just consigned to a watery grave.

He was a sailor, but beneath his rude exterior he carried a heart touched with refinement, pride and greatness. There was something about him, which spoke of better days and a higher destiny; by what errors or misfortunes he was reduced to his humble condition, was a secret which he would reveal to none. Silent, reserved, and thoughtful, he stood a stranger among his free companions, and never was his voice heard in the laughter or the jest.—He has undoubtedly left behind many who will long look for his return, and bitterly weep when they are told they shall see his face no more.

As the remains of poor Prether were brought up on deck, wound in that hammock, which through many a stormy night had swung to the wind, one could not but observe the big tear that stole unconsciously down the rough cheek of his hardy companions. When the funeral service was read to that most affecting passage—'we commit this body to the deep,'—and the plank was heaved, which precipitated to the momentary eddy of the wave the quickly disappearing form, a heavy sigh from those around told that the strong heart of the sailor can be touched with grief, and a truly unaffected sorrow may accompany virtue, in its most unpretending form, to the extinguishing night of the grave. Yet how soon is such a scene forgotten!

'As from the wing, the sky no star retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts, the thought of death.'

There is something peculiarly melancholy and impressive in a burial at sea; there is here no coffin or hearse—procession or tolling bell—nothing that gradually prepares us for the final separation.—The body is wound up in the drapery of its couch, much as if the deceased were only in a quiet and temporary sleep. In these habiliments of seeming slumber, it is dropped into the wave, the waters close over it, the vessel passes quickly on, and not a solitary trace is left to tell where sunk from light and life one that loved to look at the sky and breathe this vital air. There is nothing that for one moment can point to the deep, unvisited resting place of the departed—it is a grave in the midst of the ocean—in the midst of a vast untrodden

solitude; affection cannot approach it with its tears, the dews of heaven cannot reach it, and there is around it no violet, or shrub, or murmuring stream.

It may be superstition, but no advantages of wealth, or honor, or power, through life, would reconcile me at its close to such a burial. I would rather share the coarse and scanty provisions of the simplest cabin, and drop away unknown and unhonored by the world, so that my final resting place be beneath some green tree, by the side of some living stream, or in some familiar spot where the few that loved me in life might visit me in death.

The Child should be early taught.

EDUCATION of children should be commenced at an early age: We speak of both moral and literary. But the mode and the kind of education are most important. The mind or the capacity of a child is discovered at a very early period. It has perception, and discernment, it notices and observes, usually long before the time its parents undertake to instruct or to form it. We soon discover that it has mind and affections. Should not the business of informing the one and directing the other, then, be early commenced! As to the moral feelings, it is generally true that they are early regarded, and that efforts are made to regulate them. And this is one great part, an essential part, of education. But is it duly considered and attended to by parents? It requires attention, constant attention, judgment, patience, good temper, equanimity; and how few are faithful in these respects? We are impatient, inattentive, variable, passionate; and therefore it is that our children are not duly controlled, directed and governed. We govern too much, or too little; it is a trouble to watch our children, and to instruct, to restrain or to encourage; and we leave it to others, or it is wholly neglected. If parents are not faithful, the child will be perverse, insubordinate, petulant, or positively bad. And whose is the fault? We may attempt to excuse ourselves, by the plea of business, or of the bad disposition of the child. But it is a poor apology. The child has not a bad nature—it is not born wicked; it becomes so, through the strength of its passions, its inexperience, its mistakes, and the want of parental discipline and care. Where then does the blame attach? Let us think of this. There is a great responsibility. We cannot throw it off. The directions of religion and our own experience will enable us to do much, if we are not culpably negligent, in forming the dispositions and habits of our children aright. It is much the same, in their intellectual culture. They are capable of learning much when quite young. Frequent occasions occur for giving them useful in-

formation. They have curiosity, at an early age. Let it be indulged and gratified: gratified, by answers to their questions, and explanations, of what to them is mysterious. But here also, they must not be kept constantly at their books, or required to burden their memories with a variety, which cannot profit, because it is not understood. Compulsion should not be used with very young children, in giving them knowledge, or making them study. They should be allured to it, or led to study voluntarily, by exciting their curiosity, or incidentally informing them of the benefits and pleasures of knowledge. It should not be so much a matter of restraint as of choice; and be represented as a privilege and a blessing. This may be done in various ways.

All this, we are aware, is common place. But what can we justly expect new on this subject? What need are hints or suggestions of what has been found to be useful and important? Those who have the blessing of children, have also a deep responsibility. And to the well-disposed, it is not an irksome task or unpleasant duty, but a pleasure, to witness and to assist in the development of the intellect and the heart of innocent youth. For useful information and human knowledge, there are now most abundant facilities. But the affections cannot be directly improved by these, as commonly applied. A parent's attention and care are necessary in this department. This source of good and evil does not receive its character from the schools and colleges. The love of a parent, of a judicious and conscientious parent only is equal to the task of directing and teaching here. And it cannot be shown too early, too constantly, nor with too much discrimination.

The Summer is Past.

THE three short months of summer have passed, and autumn with its yellow and seared leaf is before us. It seems but yesterday when the earth put forth the flowers and blossoms of spring, and yet during this short period, summer has succeeded to spring, and now autumn to summer. Day follows day and year follows year in quick and rapid succession, and amidst the turmoil and excitement, and bustle of life, we forget how rapidly we are moving on that 'journey from whose bourne no traveler returns.'

The summer is past! What a sad and instructive lesson does the rapid change of seasons leave us of our destiny. In the spring-tide of life our hearts have beat high with the hopes and delightful anticipations of future years of promise. The summer's sun may have risen upon us without a cloud and its last rays of light may have been more beautiful than the first. And when the autumn gathers around us, testing the hopes of our

earliest years, and stamping upon all, either disappointment or success, according as we have treasured up the talents bestowed upon us by our Maker. Then comes the winter of life, when the joyous hopes of boyhood are looked upon as wild enthusiasm, and when the judgment, matured by experience, will unite with the wise man of Israel in saying 'vanity of vanities—all is vanity.'

The summer is past, and perhaps with the writer and reader it has passed forever. To us the balmy breath of spring may never come again. We may never again see the budding rose and springing flower of that beautiful season. Change is stamped upon all things of this world, 'here to-day and gone to-morrow,' and then all that remains of us is a little handful of earth, an affecting comment on our vanity and folly. Ah! did we realize and feel this important truth, how different—how very different would be the course of our lives. Did we in the moments of our temptation, when we find our hearts turning towards the things of this world, but reflect that all its enjoyments are as fading as a dream, how little should we care for all its honors. What to us would be the homage of thousands—what to us the adulations and applause of the multitude? A few rapid rolling years, and our heads will lie as low in the dust as theirs, and 'the places that now know us will then know us no more forever.'

Loves of the Angels.

A YOUNG man named Thomas Gill, the son of an inn-keeper at Sarum, England, has just married Miss Angell, the sole heiress of the great Angell estates in that county. The property of which he will come into immediate possession, amounts to more than one million sterling, or five million dollars! The lady is moreover, young and beautiful! The favored bridegroom drove a mail-cart until the day of his wedding!

I HAVE never seen a Turk work, if there was a possibility of his being idle. I have never seen one stand if by any possibility he could be seated. A blacksmith sits cross-legged at his anvil and seats himself when he shoes a horse. A carpenter seats himself when he saws, bores holes, or drives a nail, planes, dubs with his small adz, or chops with his hatchet, if it be possible to do so without standing.—*Letters from Constantinople.*

AN AWKWARD DISCLAIMER.—Garrick was once on a visit at Mr. Rigby's seat, Misty Hall, Essex, when Dr. Gaugh formed one of the party. Observing the potent appetite of the learned Doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the Doctor excepted, who, when the laugh had subsided,

thus addressed the party:—'Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his; but I can assure you, that, like most men here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for the sight.' The great Roscius was silent.

'You musn't smoke here, sir,' said the captain of a North River steamboat, to a man who was smoking among the ladies on the quarter deck. 'I musn't, ha! Why not?' replied he, opening his capacious mouth, and allowing the smoke lazily to escape. 'Didn't you see the sign? All gentlemen are requested not to smoke abaft the engine.' 'Bless your soul, that don't mean me. I'm no gentleman—not a bit of it! You can't make a gentleman of me, no how you can fix it.' So saying he sucked away, and 'took the responsibility.'

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. S. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2.00; F. C. Niagara, U. C. \$2.00; R. S. S. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. Bristol, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Newbury, Vt. \$1.00; W. H. C. West Edmeston, N. Y. \$1.00; I. P. Stockbridge, Ma. \$1.00; E. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$3.00; A. A. F. Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1.00; H. P. Oxbow, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Union Mills, N. Y. \$2.00; C. G. W. Salina, N. Y. \$0.81; G. & W. Bellefontaine, O. \$1.00; J. H. & S. B. Leyden, N. Y. \$2.00; W. A. Canaan, Ct. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

HUDSON WHALE SHIPS SPOKEN.—Beaver, Gardiner, April 18th 11.00; Martha, Riddle, Feb. 9th, 430; America, Folger, May 26th, 700; Helvetia, Cottle, April 17th, 700.

Thursday, the 3d day of December, is to be a day of thanksgiving and praise throughout Massachusetts.

The population of the city of Hudson, according to the census taken a short time since, is 5,526.

Juan Fernandez, the fabled residence of Robinson Crusoe, it is said, has been swallowed up by the late earthquakes on the coast of South America.

It has been decided in the Circuit Court at Albany, that no vessel navigating the North River, can recover damages for being run foul of while lying at anchor in the night, without a light.

CUSTOM HOUSE REGULATION.—We understand that a regulation is about to be put in force at the various Custom Houses of the Union, prohibiting the receipt of bank notes of a less denomination than five dollars.

MARRIED.

At Christ Church, on the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pardee, Edward Clark, Esq. of Poughkeepsie, to Miss Caroline, daughter of A. L. Jordan, esq. of this city.

In Philadelphia, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. W. T. Brantly, Mr. Nicholas H. Ransom, of this city, to Miss Martha Ann Thompson, of the former place.

In Ghent, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Charles H. Bramhall, Esq. of Buffalo, to Miss Eliza, youngest daughter of the Hon. Tobias L. Hogeboom, of the former place.

At Hillsdale, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. H. Truesdail, Mr. Solomon B. Collin, to Miss Julia A. daughter of John Bushnell.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 19th inst. at the residence of the Hon. Smith Thompson, by the Rev. Samuel A. Van Vranken, Thomas T. Everitt, M. D. to Miss Jane H. Thompson.

At the same place, on the 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Reed, George M. Van Kleeck, of the firm of George Van Kleeck, & Co. merchants, to Miss Eliza Wilson, all of that village.

DIED.

In this city, on the 17th inst. Elizabeth Ann Jacobia, in the 17th year of her age.

On the 18th inst. George D. Fowler, aged 36 years.

On the 20 inst. Zephaniah Coffin, in the 89th year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Mary, wife of Mr. Henry J. Taylor, Merchant of the city of New York, and daughter of William Hudson, esq. in the 39th year of her age.

In Ghent, on the 25th ult. Mr. Daniel H. Engh, aged 24 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Lines on the Death of a young Student.

ALAS! how fragile are the cords of life!
 They oft, when least expected, snap asunder,
 And to the grave earth's fairest ones consign.
 E'en so it was with this departed one:—
 He was a lovely and a graceful youth,
 And on his brow he wore the smile of kindness.
 Within his youthful mind were planted deep,
 The seeds of knowledge, piety, and truth;
 And there tender germs of intellect
 Were putting forth. With diligence he culled
 The flowers of erudition, and he strove
 The envied mount to gain where Science lifts
 Her lofty head; but just as he'd begun
 This rugged steep to climb, that demon fell,
 Death, with his dart unerring, swept him down
 Into the narrow confines of the tomb.
 Ah, yes! that lovely youth, with whom oft, hand
 In hand, I've rambled o'er the classic fields,
 Where Knowledge strews her flowers profusely round,
 Has fallen a prey to that dread monster from
 Whose iron grasp no one can e'er escape:
 And blighted now are all his 'budding hopes,'—
 His fond realities of earthly bliss.
 O! fading, transitory things of earth!
 How unexpectedly they often vanish!
 Oft, when our fondest hopes do fairest bloom,
 Death comes with withering breath, and blasts them all.
 Ah, then! ye gay and thoughtless youth!—ye who
 Have just embarked upon the boist'rous sea
 Of life, this lesson learn—'That youth is no
 Security against the fell destroyer, Death,'
 And early be prepared to meet him; so
 That when he cuts the 'silver cord' that binds
 You to this nether world, you joyfully
 May mount, upon the wings of exultation,
 To yonder blissful regions in the sky. RURAL BARD.

Dracut, Mass. 1835.

Life's but a Dream.

Oh, prize thou not too fond, too high,
 The passing scenes of earth;
 For many a bitter tear and sigh
 Proclaim their transient worth:
 And the wild heart which stoops to bind
 To earth its hopes supreme,
 Will find, by sad experience find,
 Its promise but a dream.
 Genius that strives through toil and pain
 To climb the steep of fame.
 Seeking with restless mind to gain
 An amaranthine name;
 When that proud dazzling height is won,
 With sick'ning sigh shall deem
 That all he fixed his heart upon,
 Was but a fleeting dream.
 Ask of ambition's poisoned soul
 The worth of all his spoils,
 When he has reached the tempting goal
 Of hope that crowned his toils;
 And he shall own with aching breast
 Which loathes the solemn theme,
 That pomp, and power, and glory, rest
 Upon a baseless dream.
 How fair the front of youthful years,
 How lovely and serene!
 Where boyhood's laughing eye appears
 In all its glorious sheen;

But passions in their darkling rage
 Hide its fast fading beam,
 And the knit brow of tottering age
 Tells peace is but a dream.

Joy after joy is torn away,
 Friend after friend departs,
 As death with wide unswerving sway,
 Breaks the long chain of hearts;
 While every leaf that autumn throws
 Sere in the forest stream—
 And every faded floweret shows
 That life is but a dream.

Yea, the unnumbered forms that are
 Where the wild waters moan,
 In ocean's living sepulchre,
 Unnoted and unknown—
 And the green countless mounds that sleep
 Beneath the night's pale beam,
 Whisper in accents stern and deep,
 That life is but a dream.

And is there then no stranger clime
 Isled in yon glorious sky,
 Where the freed soul midst joys sublime,
 Shall never fear to die?
 Must its high hopes of bliss repose
 On time's eventful scheme,
 While every pulse of nature shows
 That life is but a dream!

Hush! there's a world where changes cease,
 And tears are all unknown;
 Where every heart is tuned to peace,
 And bliss is every tone:
 Lo, the immortal spirit swells
 Midst the inspiring theme,
 And its high hope of being tells
 That world is not a dream!

PROTEUS.

From the New England Magazine.

Stanzas.

BY REBECCA THE JEWESS,

If I had Jubal's chorded shell,
 O'er which the first born music rolled,
 In burning tones that loved to dwell
 Amongst those wires of trembling gold;
 If to my soul one note were given
 Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone
 Caught its majestic strain from heaven,
 And glowed like fire round Israel's throne:
 Up to the deep blue starry sky
 Then might my soul aspire, and hold
 Communion fervent, strong and high,
 With bard and king, and prophet old:
 Then might my spirit dare to trace
 The path our ancient people trod,
 When the gray sires of Jacob's race,
 Like faithful servants, walked with God!

But Israel's song, alas! is hushed,
 That all her tales of triumph told,
 And mute is every voice that gushed
 In music to her harps of gold;
 And could my lyre attune its string
 To lofty themes they loved of yore,
 Alas! my lips could only sing
 All that we were but are no more!
 Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,
 And there our footsteps fain would be;
 But oh, 'tis like the captive's dream
 Of home his eyes may never see.
 A cloud is on our father's graves,
 And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,
 And there their sons must stand as slaves,
 Or roam like houseless wanderers still.

Yet, where the rose of Sharon blooma,
 And cedars wave their stately head,
 Even now, from out the place of tombs,
 Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.
 Through the wide world's tumultuous roar
 Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—
 'Oh, virgin daughter, faint no more,
 Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard.
 What though, with spirits crushed and broke,
 Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
 Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,
 And Ephraim is a heartless dove;
 Yet, yet shall Judah's Lion wake,
 Yet shall the day of promise come,
 Thy sons from iron bondage break,
 And God shall lead the wanderers home!'

From the Albany Zodiac.

Parental Hope.

'Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with
 thee.—Acts xxvii. 24.

FATHER! who o'er Time's boisterous tide,
 A precious bark art steering:
 Mother! who, anxious at his side,
 Each distant storm art hearing;
 Bind ye the promise to your breast,
 Thus by the angel spoken!
 Believe ye that your circle blest
 Shall gain the port unbroken?

Wide sever'd o'er his voyage course,
 Some idol child ye cherish,
 'Mid stranger-seas and billows hoarse,
 Far from your side may perish;
 Still trust ye o'er these waves of care
 To meet in God's communion?
 Oh! be your life one sleepless prayer
 To gain that glorious union.

When stranded on the rock of woe,
 Life's last faint watch-light burneth,
 And shuddering toward that bourne ye go,
 From whence no guest returneth—
 Then may each bark your love has launch'd
 Gliding with sail unruven,
 Send forth a seraph soul, to form
 Your 'family in heaven.'

Flowers.

WITH each expanding flower we find,
 Some pleasing sentiment combined;
 Love in the myrtle bloom is seen,
 Remembrance to the violet clings,
 Peace brightens in the olives green,
 Hope from the half-closed iris springs;
 And victory to the laurel grows,
 And woman blushes in the rose.

WANTED

At this Office, a Boy from 12 to 14 years of age, to
 work by the week.

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